

(GRN MUSIC - A non-profit resource for lovers of music.

About these meditations:

"All of this is free of charge... I'm not making anything from it."

"Having survived substance addiction, major depression, suicide, tornadoes, P.T.S.D., and an difficult adolescence, cursed by my being, kind of 'close in,' but having to 'make good,' on my hidden talent....I know first hand the power of traumatic life experience to shape artistic expression."

"Enlightened circumspection, however, definitely reveals, how peculiar distinctions, of ones mortal station, such as eyes, hair color, or skin pigment, are seen to fall away, and souls rejoin the choir invisible... regardless of blood type, or health, or wealth, or poverty, and blend back into the common fold, upon

death."

"Therefore, it follows that all men are basically created equal, save for Akashic records, or life experience, anyway, either adding or subtracting from such basic goodness."

"It's the glimpses of heaven, which remain with us, far longer, than mortal life of itself, might allow."

"The plan of life is long."

"My sound (early works,) isn't (intended) so much a cause for gravity, as it is a depiction thereof."

-Greg R. Norton

Email me: ariesrainwater@gmail.com

'Greg R. Norton's piano soundscapes reference a place

below the transient, shifting tumult of the world... a place beneath appearances, closer to the living heart of life.'

Herein you'll find new melodies... improvised on the spot, and spun from my strong lyrical sense and ones you'll recognize, as well. Listen, and you'll find impressions of: Traditional favorites, like 'The Star of the County Down,' and Stephen Fosters' 'Hard Times Come Again No More.' You'll hear the likes of Van Morrison, Kitaro, and Steve Goodman, and songs sung by Ray Charles, Simon and Garfunkle, Joni Mitchell, the Beatles, Pink Floyd, The Pretenders, Laura Nyro, Joannie Madden, Tommy James & the Shondells, Expose (Lewis A. Martinee) Frankie Laine, the Waterboys (Scott & Wickham,) John Lodge, and Pat Boone. You'll hear, of course, John Williams. You'll also recognize melodies sung by Willie Nelson, Andy Williams, Percy Sledge, Jo Stafford, Celine Dion, Crystal Gayle, Syd Straw, Doris Day, & 10cc (Eric Stewart & Graham Gouldman,) Too, you'll find internet

favorites, like Sheryl Clapton, Larry Ludwick, Will Kimbrough, Todd Shaeffer, and Shawn Nelson... as well as songwriters like Helmy Kresa, Carroll Loveday, Haven Gillespie and Beasley Smith, Joe Darion, Mitchell Leigh, Bill Browning, Fabian Andre, Gus Kahn, Wilbur Schwandt, Griffin House, Hoagy Carmichael, Henry Mancini, and Johnny Mercer... and others I haven't listed. Songwriters, especially, are thanked!

-Greg R. Norton

www.archive.org/details/G.R.N.MUSICGregPlaysTheClassics

www.archive.org/details/grnmusicpianomeditationsarchive

"Red skies at morn... sailor's be warned. Red skies at night... sailor's delight." -Anon.

What is found herein? Simply, life-affirming nature

imagery, coupled with stirring grand piano musings, which encourage the wandering mind, to but 'look within!,' for, **Antiquity agrees, if this is practiced dilligently... the Kingdom of Heaven appears, in time, to be found within the human soul!**

Intelligent reading material for people who want to read.

There is no sustenance like that from one's own Spirit!

For mature audiences only.

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<https://archive.org/details/natural-environs-july-december-2021>

nature photography, piano, field recordings, synthesizer, music videos, ambient, outdoor ambient, field recordings, piano, music videos, piano, synthesizer

EARLY WORKS SOUNDSCAPES:

<https://archive.org/details/gregrnortoncollection>

FOUNTAINSPIRIT COLLECTION (Tracks)

<https://archive.org/details/g.-r.-n.-music-fountainspirit-collection>

"As I think back, across the past twenty years, or so, few things have offered so much perennial interest, for my soul, and spirit, than have these recordings, made from late 1999 to late 2000. *To myself, the 'dynamic arc motif,' used in these recordings, spoke directly unto that time period... these sounds were, every bit as easy to make, as 'falling off of a log,' and this should tell you of the unconscious blind spot, I had, collectively, during that period... I was completely blind-sided, by the horrific events of Sept. 11, 2001... This was the first time, I had ever been really consciously hurt, by unexpected events... in real time... as I was very much in the world, then, and was just as*

insulted, as anyone would be, under similar circumstances. But, at any rate, these things have stayed with me... and as I played back these soundscapes, this afternoon, I remembered the power of this music, and knew I had to write these thoughts down, here, if only in order, to get them out of my mind, which is where they've been since this music first began to be seen, and heard, in mid 2000s. I often have thought, how maybe I should place into this essay, (about these early works,) the admonishment, 'To be listened unto from start to finish, and then deleted.' But it's the listeners' choice, not mine. Such is meant to be enjoyed... not a worry. This music, to me, was like, the first cold blast, from a decade long winter, which presaged, the much more warm-hearted breezes, (knock on wood,) which my piano, has channelled, since 2012! *So, enjoy the new, but while appreciating, from whence it came. Balanced sounds!"*

In the three years following my space music project

'Respite,' I further refined my piano abilities. Especially, I began recording piano solos, incorporating my own breathwork... as it were, 'breathing' the notes, melodies, and phrasing... and as if whistling each melody under my breath, with pursed lips... trying to imbue as much feeling as I could, into these recordings. Also, during that period, I began consciously balancing positive sonic spatial elements, with the negative sonic spatial elements, such as the spaces between the notes... the silence behind the music. At any rate, the period of time, which that period was, being 1998-2000... I would relate, that, while there were many, many great and wonderful things that came around that time, that early music, of mine, today, sounds dated. The dynamic art motif... today, mainly annoys, and irritates my mind, and sometimes, it sounds more or less insulting, hearing that downward rhythm, like that.

But, I feel it nevertheless comes under, the category 'Nada Terma,' or immature literature. This is a

Buddhist term, which is self explanatory... these sorts of literature, will be seen, for whatever good or bad reason, to have inadvertently become 'dated,' or 'out moded,' or usurped... by manifesting realities. **The artist, or artists, therefore, necessarily, will have later sought, to advance beyond that 'dated,' literature, and change with the time... and later begin producing a more mature product.** It's in the nature of the art world, to evolve, and develop out of the more 'dated,' styles, and natures, and into more modern, contemporary styles, and techniques. Finding new ways, to do or accomplish the same effect, for instance... *the dynamic arc motif, mainly just introduced the vertical dimensionality, into my mind, at the time, which was, then an insularity... (not inter woven, into the societal latticework, of spiritual presences, around myself... but cloistered, within my own person.)* (It were, also, the traumatizing events, of Sept. 11, 2001, which were stressful enough, to bring me out of my time shrouded insularity. So, naturally,

when I was ready to play again, I had evolved my musical ideas, considerably, and in 2012 started the Piano Meditations series.) But, you'll see, I rediscovered dimensionality, in a jazzier sense... and, sought to express loftier 'heights,' of emotion... melody, and harmony, and rhythmic phrasing. **Whether or not to 'keep' the earlier, 'Nada Terma,' literature... is a very subjective question... and I just wouldn't wish to 'delete,' artistic history... I myself grew from out of that immaturity.**

'As someone who's something of an student, of the early 20th century, I understand how truly advanced, our present world is... our digital amenities, such as pocket-sized internet access, and smart watches, entirely out-strip the technology of the 1920s. My great grandparents were poor, by worldly standards... but spiritually, they were wealthy. Great Grandad was a cook in WWI, in France... when he returned home with honors, his first wife, a Cherokee woman, had

passed away, back home in AL, leaving a daughter, with his brother to care for her. Before his return, from Michigan, after the war, to AL, Grandad met a lady, Sarah, and they fell in love and were married. She had an upright grand piano and some books, and little else, so they arranged to have it shipped, back to AL, and both returned, and lived happily ever after.*

Could they only have seen, our media devices and appliances of today, their vast dream life would have been proven... but they remained only figments... an inner beckoning, drawing them ever onward, and always fascinated by technology. My Great Grandad never owned a Victrola, but Marie, Grandads' daughter, by his first wife, was seeing a man, during the thirties, who had a portable Victrola, and they had social parties, with records playing, and were to become married... their sons were Ken and Buddie, my Dad.

Myself, something of a mediumistic psychic, I've been able to channel, and allow many, many creations... through, my subtle receptivity, and sensitivities. So, to those of my generation, I give this record, and others... filtered through my eyes, comes the melodies, of the past... into the future!

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(I was recently given a vision of exactly how it is that our Earthbound world, the explicate manifest world of physical forms, and phenomena, with an somewhat mysterious inner soul and spirit perceptions... ((shown to us by a guide, who we have to somewhat develop trust in to understand anything about our predicament...)) is mirrored, and accompanied by this parallell universe, a finer rarer land of spirit presences, and beingness. *I was shown how, it appears to be as if the rare spiritual world of inner essences becomes, in death, the primary reality, and our present physical*

*world is then seen as a kind of chrysalis... which has us in it's grasp, only until we are ready for the main stage... the butterfly stage... which we then move out into... the broader universe, retaining only memories of our Home Planet, and having moved into a far vaster existance beyond.* It looks to me, as if that world of essences, at that future time, becomes the primary reality, and we become entirely set free from this mortal, fleshly, prison like reality, into something, a plaine, so much more graceful, and free, and beautiful... where we'll roam as the mystic breezes, through realms far beyond mortal imagining. This was a very helpful visualization, because it afforded then peace and supreme hope, that we'll then be rejoined with those who truly care about us. *So, you can see what happiness springs forth within, as the heart joins more or less suredly with our family on high.* Such unison, and freedom, has just been foretold of, although such won't actually come to be until the Earthly existance expires... which may not be for a

long time yet. *But, it's the foretaste, of the glory of future freedom, that we can perceive, if we try in the right way. So, this is somewhat of a new hope, in the midst of the writing of a book, which is itself a glimpse into the future... a better future.)*

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-Greg

Audiobooks with all original music, 1996-2026

G.R.N. MUSIC / G.R.N. PODCASTS

About Greg Norton

Growing up as the son of a commercial art director, I from a young age, was encouraged, towards sketching. As a teenager, I developed love for pen and ink sketching, and with both my Dads and Moms approval, I went with this course for a year of design studies at a

major university. With figure drawing, printmaking, art history, and three-dimensional art design, I further refined my abilities. While at art school, I developed an schizo-affective disorder, and, not knowing it for several years, still kept working until 1992, around age 23.

When I think about the years between 1993 thru 1998, it is with some pain, as I suffered, during that period a serious condition of restless leg syndrome, which I tended to self-medicate - - as ordinary passage of time, was difficult, I was an agitated soul, who just wanted to be still and quiet. When I hit rock bottom, in 1997, I woke up in University hospital, having hurt myself seriously. Except for a serious bout with major depression, in 2003, since the late 90's, I have been completely devoted, to this path of art, music, and writing.

Although I quit work altogether in 2002, I take these

crafts seriously, and have done all, more or less, in response, unto my sometimes hyper-ordinary consciousness and feelings, using always, as the Surrealists might would say, my own unique 'paranoid-critical' creative processes. Since recovery from serious suicide attempt in 2003, my main diagnosis has been paranoid-schizophrenic disorder. As I seem to run into trouble, when trying to get by on my own, in private residential living, since Thanksgiving of 2003, I have lived entirely in group and foster home arrangements.

I spend most of my spare time, around the composition of essay-style articles, and incorporating them in spoken fashion, with original music; as I play piano, and keyboards, I have explored ambient, jazz rock, and space rock idioms, on my own and with other musicians. Having graphic design abilities, I have used my own album artwork throughout.

ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD - TEENAGE YEARS:

At around nineteen seventy six, (I was seven,) my Mom and Dad moved our family, from the suburban Birmingham community of Homewood, down south thirty miles, to the adjacent county, and a then small town called Chelsea. Mom's family, in the second half of the nineteen fifties, had lived near Chelsea, and Mom had attended the school there. So, it appeared that I would have a good time at the country school, for one thing, with this move south, and the landowners around our families' seven acres didn't mind we kids running in the fields and forests... we were encouraged to explore, and learn the 'ways of nature.' The old farmhouse where we moved in was dilapidated, and Mom and Dad spent about ten years, in renovating it, and making it nice. I made friendships with other kids my age, and near... bike trips were usually duo journeys, and the friendships from Chelsea have all endured to this day, as

unshakable. While in the years after I moved away, into my adult life, a lot passed 'under the bridge.' But none of these misadventures could spoil the solid, honest friendships with guys, and gals around that neighborhood, and I've carried so very many wonderful memories, for years and years, keeping them in my heart, and, occasionally writing about those times. Still, I get very nostalgic when I think about our childhoods and teenage years in the nineteen eighties... I'm proud of these memories, as a rule, and wouldn't trade them for anything. Well, I have thought I would write a little bit about the time there, and the enduring friendships which we made. I've enjoyed thinking on this this morning. At any rate, if I had given anyone the wrong idea, I've hoped through this to set the record straight, and share my pride. At any rate.

ABOUT HAL & GREG:

The jam session, recorded on October 5, 1997, was Hal

Cannon and my first time together as a duo. The G.R.N. Space Music project, ICONS, or most of it anyway, was recorded a short time before this jam, because I felt I wanted to explore the solo piano, and make use of my Peavy mix console. Hal and myself had become friends, and when I had played for him some of my new recordings... he wanted to jam and play and record also, so his Dad gave him his own YAMAHA keyboard / synth, which his Dad had rarely used... Hal began playing constantly, and was soon more versatile, than myself, on this instrument... and so by December we had made lots of recordings... just jamming with the tape recorder on daily basis. We were next door neighbors.

Several of the recordings herein, were done at various times during 1998, after I had recuperated, from a serious suicide attempt, which happened early January in '98. Hal came to visit me in the recovery ward, at the university hospital... already, we were thinking and

planning toward reuniting, later in the year... and so it was.

About my piano playing:

My family had inherited my Great Grandmoms piano, when she passed away... I was young... around seven years, but when I began playing melodies by ear, my parents thought enough of myself, to start me in piano lessons. So, I had already had six or seven years of instruction, when I joined my high school jazz band, playing a Roland piano they had. I wasn't good in jazz band... my fingers couldn't make the complicated fingering in the music we played. I couldn't sight read well enough to enjoy it... and didn't have the patience, to learn other peoples music. I wanted to play my own music. My sophomore year in college, (I went for two years,) I spent most of my free time, (when I wasn't in the campus library, reading metaphysics, and art history,) on the practice pianos, in their school of

music. I had been experimenting with recording myself, from a young age, but had never really been happy with my work. Around age 20, during this period, I began liking what I was hearing. My ears were opened, to possibilities I could create, playing slow ambient and abstract moods.

Incorporating classical music appreciation... the sweetness, of the tone of the instrument... the dynamics, of the instrument... and how the musician uses them. The ranges of highs and lows... their phrasing... their interplay... the gestural, symbiosis, of pieces of music, with geometries... arcs, circles, patterns, which might be found, in a woven fabric... zig zags, interlocking triangles, rings, patterns of angles... fan shaped, wide angled, and narrow, checkerboard patterns. Crests, and cascades... And again, the phrasing... the ways, the phrasing within the melodies is drawn out, or compact... the performers, or recording artists whole upper body, waist, shoulders,

elbows, wrists, fingers... going onto the recording media... seeming, to evoke images, in the mind, of physique, and motion... flows, and rhythms. Waves, and bars.

Then, electronically... the hall reverb, on the synthesiser parts... contrasted with, the unaffected grand piano sound... a handful of samples, from modern pianos... vibes, and electric piano. A measure, of touch sensitivity, on the keys. I use this music as a bed, upon which text-to-speech audio books, are overlayed... the music, arrangement, is all randomly generated playlists... of this pre-recorded keyboard and piano music, and jams.

About Gregs' inner development as writer / musician:

When I was about 17 years old, I had a crisis. I had discovered weed, thoroughly reasearched the 1960s, and especially the Beatles, had grown a little, and

found, eventually those musicians from that period, (whom I shant name expressly,) whom I thought had all their signposts directed inwardly, and began more serious consideration of my own self... my mind, and self as a whole. My parents had lovingly arranged my college education, but with my decidedly inward path, my freshman year, just about all I learned was art history. (I found the university library, of course, and devoured the two sections, of it I found attractive... metaphysics, and art history.)

Nothing much else could interest me, except weed, and the endless music I had going in my apartment non-stop. My father, in his kindness, and wisdom, read my sudden change of heart, as times drew to a close, on that period of my life, to be worth exploring with myself. So, he agreed to let me change my major, and switch to his old alma mater, elsewhere in the state in which we live. So, to the other state university I went, changing my major, from broadcast and film

communication to graphic design, (following my Dads footsteps,) and at a world renowned art school there.

Here, I left grass far behind, and had an excellent first year. I wasn't making straight As, but at least I had completed what had been asked of me. I seemed to like myself better, also, and eventually, found the public radio station, and heard space music for the first time. So, now, my wheels began to turn, and I found myself after my other classes, taking up a practice room piano, in the school of music there. So, right away, I realised I could carry my jam box and record myself on longish meanderings, on audiotape, and a new idea took hold of me. So, studies, started slipping, again, as my space improvisations, on tape, of myself, dealt myself a nervous breakdown, as I began isolating, and inwardly questing during the months leading up unto the time of the Los Angeles earthquake of the Fall of 1989. So, then, proceeded to enter into more serious consideration, of the being of myself, having

inadvertantly stumbled into problems with strange headaches, which far outmeasured, anything I could have conceived of... *I had no idea, what was wrong, with myself...*

I moved back to the college town of the first university, I had attended, because I knew some friends there would let me stay, until I could find a proper place to live. I got a job doing good work at a grocery store... unloading trucks, of groceries, and putting them on the shelves, at night. I later got a job near there at a town up the road, as a field assistant at a Native American monument, which has a museum, and a laboratory, (my musician housemate, with whom I shared the rent, was actually then curator there, and he managed to get me the position.)

There, I had numerous experiences, in going on archaeological survey crew teams, (say, to ok a transit line, for a new freeway, or say, if a power line, was

being put in. The company, had to make sure, there weren't indiginious sites, where they wanted their pipeline.) When I wasn't on the road, surveying, (walking transits, and scouring ground for surface evidence, like potshards, or flint tools,) for a week stretch, at a time, I had a stall at the lab, where, I was given reports, and did up nice looking illustrations, and maps, of features, indicated, on usually, a crudely sketched field note. These were included in the finished reports, which were printed, and became archaeological records, and history.

There, too, I eventually, had a complete breakdown, but had three years, of good experiences. I quit my job, packed up my worldly belongings in my Corolla wagon, I inherited from my late uncle, and moved back to my hometown.

By this time, my Dad had realised, I were a student of life, and so, we developed a more mature relationship, as I was re-hired, proofing galleys, (laser printouts,)

at a phototypesetting company, there. I had worked there, before going to school for freshman year, where I had flunked. I was a good proofreader, however, and did alright, until I was handed an project, a little over my head. I tried to do my best, but found my self too distracted, and flustered, to keep track of it.

So, I went back home to my small apartment, my last day there, and settled in. I had an imitation Gibson hollow body guitar, ('Star Force,' was the manufacturer,) and a pint sized Marshall amplifier. I soon found myself sinking into a lengthy experience, a complete consciousness expansion, and grew throughout those sleepless months. When finally the experience lifted, I was left with such a gnawing on my soul... I had clearly seen for myself, far too many mysteries, than my 24 year old self knew what to do with.

I was, however, so glad at the merciful normalcy, of

my conscious mind, and mind. However, I now found myself suffering from an agitated condition, I later learned to be restless leg disorder, and was occasionally subject to what I term brutal experiences, within which I grew to understand, that waking conscious integrity, is only through grace... I pretty early had met, up with an inner absolute, simply, far more powerful than myself. I now, also know, that beings, and powers, of mind, such as elementals, what some might call waifs, or dryads, have ourselves, being mortal, at their complete mercy. So, since, the early 1990s, for myself, its all been a 'state of grace.' Pride, has virtually no place within myself... *today I consider myself, a citizen of the world, of the galaxy, and ask only that the wiccan 'harm none... do what you will,' be my guide, and rule.*

So, here you have a brief encapsulation, of years, since my high school graduation. The rest, the reader can imagine. (You probably know, then the

sorts of things I like, and those which will have nothing to do with.) So, I'll post this, tonight, and hope the best is seen.

-ariesrainwater

**Sara's piano, was made by the Grinnell Bros. Piano Company, which had a factory, in the twentieth century, in Battle Creek, Michigan, where Sara's dad lived. This was the piano I played, growing up, all the years I was in my parents house. I think, my second cousin owns it, now. The Grinnell Bros. Co. kind of ran aground, in the early to mid eighties, and they went out of business, and faded into history. But, earlier in the century, they were a popular local industry, and held a music festival in Battle Creek once a year. I think the Grinnell name, was taken up, by a South Korean company, in the early nine teen nineties.*

-Greg

